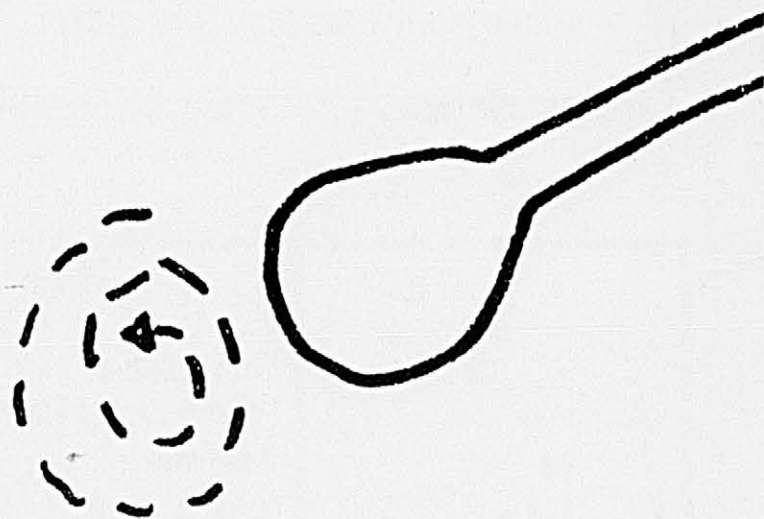
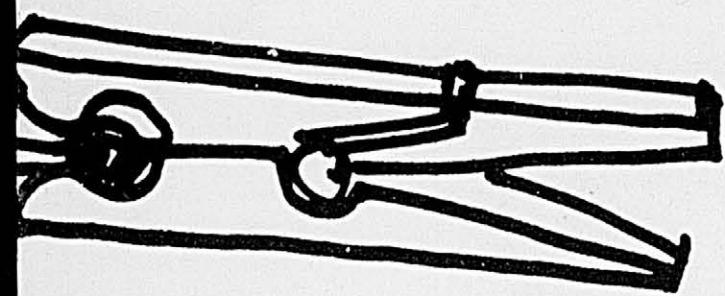


ill Daily



volume 87 • number 15

october 23 – 29, 1997

comment

Instant Art - Doing Daily Covers

The Daily, in its Statement of Principles, recognizes that every event is in some way political. This principle is firmly ingrained in the Culture's approach towards coverage. Through it we acknowledge that the elusive "political", with its paper laws, budgets and policies, is concretized in our everyday movements. This "political" also affects and reflects the prevailing sets of values which we hold and use to perceive the world. This process is constantly being shaped and disputed through such mediums as artistic expression.

Exposure is a highly politicized space, a space regulated not only by funding, but also by what people other people are ready and willing to hear. A space where norms often limit how these ideas should be expressed, and what physical places they can penetrate. We try to question this in our coverage by making an effort to provide exposure to people, groups and ideas which are not represented in the mainframe of popular expression. We would like to see Daily Covers become a visual expression of what you, who are both the voices and the ears of the Daily dialogue, would like to see, show, and tell. There are very few other opportunities for you to compose an image which will be almost instantly replicated X11 000 and distributed in every nook and cranny of campus.

The Daily covers are not just eye-catchers to entice people to venture into the inside pages. The covers are part of the content. Apart from Special Issues, there are no themes or assignments for the covers, no guidelines, or format...and you aren't confined by the regulation of textual coherence.

Cover space is a free gallery. Use it.

by Noëmi Tousignant and Jessica Lim

The McGill Daily Culture

volume 87
number 15

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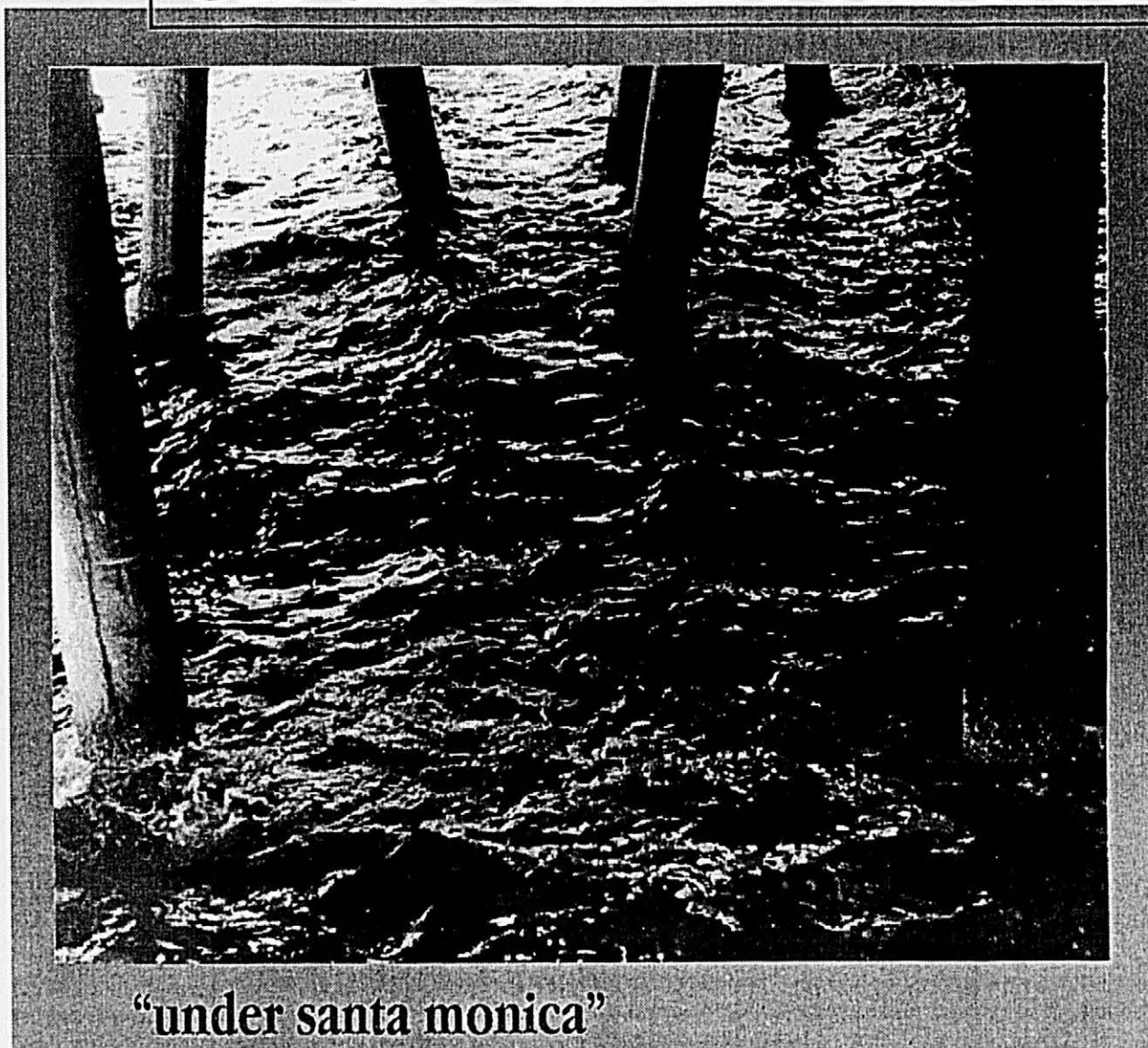
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off the darkroom floor



"under santa monica"

by dave kalka

letters

Plan G

To the Daily,

When the Québec government decided to increase revenue to reduce the provincial deficit, they looked to the usual places. Like all provinces, they chose tuition hikes as one way to replace Federal Post-Secondary education transfers to the provinces. In the face of mass opposition, they chose a strategy of divide and conquer by only raising fees for out-of-province students. This is shocking, and it is unjust. The dramatic rise in tuition rates throughout the nineties in all provinces has destroyed the right of students to an affordable education.

How should McGill respond to this assault on students? A court case that we may not win is an expensive and risky strategy. It also only addresses one parochial concern. Mass student mobilization has worked in the past, and is our only hope for stopping the decline of affordable Post Secondary education in Québec. Realistically, we have no other option since CASA has left us to fend for ourselves. Despite earlier rhetoric of solidarity in the student movement, the parochial FEUQ fell into PQ's trap. In the rest of Canada, other provinces are watching for the results of this unprecedented attack on students, hoping to adopt similar policies.

In response to this situation, as well as the need to define a new vision for a progressive Québec, NDP McGill supports Plan G. Let's unite with students across the province! Ride to Québec city on November 3 and make [sic] a stand!

Peter Graefe
Co-chair, NDP McGill
Jon Roberts
Treasurer, NDP McGill.

Stickin' it to The Man

To the Daily,

Since winning the election in 1994, the Parti Quebecois has moved from its traditional commitment to social programs to a new tactic of slashing and burning all public goods. Voters are at a loss, as the provincial government forges ahead with its self-mandating agenda. It is becoming clear that even those who traditionally have had a voice with the Parti Quebecois (like the unions, and the student movement) are being alienated. It seems like traditional forms of democratic procedure and negotiation are no longer effective. What are we to do?

Plan G is a resistance campaign designed to educate people about possibilities for reclaiming their right to democracy. To this end, organizers of Plan G are leading a series of

workshops on Civil Disobedience. The McGill affinity group is organizing one such training for Saturday, October 25 from 15h30 to 20h00 in Shatner Rm 107-108. Anyone interested in learning about civil disobedience, and activism in general, is invited to attend. For more information about the training, or about buses to Québec City, please call the Québec office of the Canadian Federation of Students at 398-1600.

Resistance is now. See you there.

Erin Runions
Quebec Chairperson
Canadian Federation of Students

"relativity my ass."

"einstein had no clue.

let me tell you about absolute space and time..."

-comment, the mcgill daily, november 10, 1997

okay, so we need help with our science issue.

mcgill daily
special issue
on science

anybody who'd like to write about science for this issue, or has any ideas for others who would, is invited to our meeting, october 23, at 7:30 pm in the daily office, shatner b-03. otherwise, you can come and talk to noëmi or paul in the daily office, or call us, at 398-6784.

Laughing in the Face of Despair

The Baltimore Waltz courts death and hopelessness

by Julien Lapointe

Paula Vogel received a letter from her terminally ill brother close to a year before he passed away. "I thought I would jot down some of my thoughts about the (shall we say) production values of my ceremony," he wrote, referring to the anticipated funeral. He continued: "Oh God - I can hear you groaning - everybody wants to direct. Well, I want a good show, even though my role has been reduced involuntarily from player to prop."

Paula Vogel is a playwright - hence the "everybody wants to direct" - and her brother Carl died of AIDS some nine years ago. The letter is incredibly poignant, I find, because it expresses the need for laughter in the face of despair. What also emerges, more pointedly, is the disquiet behind such laughter, because despair isn't something to be mocked. This form of morbid humour is a traditional and highly effective means of comedy. In the better moments of Paula Vogel's play, *The Baltimore Waltz*, the author achieves that level of comic delirium, at once insane and inevitable.

This connection between Vogel's personal tragedy and the tragicomedy she's written isn't gratuitous. *The Baltimore Waltz* was written a year after Carl's death and Vogel readily admits, in a published memo, the direct influence of the event on the play's realization. Nor is it insignificant, might I add, that a main character in the play is named Carl, and that he takes his sister Anna to Europe; a trip the "real" Carl had hoped to accomplish.

Chaotic Void

The play is not intended as straight comedy. Its most explicit humour stems from the narrative premise: Anna, Carl's sister, learns that she is to die from "Acquired Toilet Disease." The high-risk group happens to be five year old kids and she, a kindergarten instructor, has caught the virus. The salient allusion to current health crises, as well as both their ideological undercurrents and politics of debate, is vividly dramatized and needn't be spelled out. This satirical element is linked to the play's wider interests. Plunging her two main characters into a decrepit Europe, Vogel depicts Anna's personal deterioration against a backdrop of general decay. In *The Baltimore Waltz*, the world we know has lost its sanity. Meaninglessness stands at the basis not just of people's lives, but of human knowledge. And so, concordantly, Anna's fatal disease is an absurdity in itself with no apparent cure, but remains very real nonetheless.

Unfortunately, the Tuesday Night café production, which is now playing at

McGill, suffers from certain obvious constraints in its visual design. The play, as I've understood, is supposed to be an absurdist lament, in which humour both undercuts and reinforces the overall pessimism. But the production never finds an appropriate visual expression for this sense of unease. The drab realism in terms of lighting and décor shows us a world that seems a little too ordinary, keeping the action on a conventional plane. The contrast of this mundane formal appearance with the eccentric dialogue and purposefully emphatic acting styles at times makes the play seem like nothing more than an oddity. In its weaker moments, this version of *Baltimore Waltz* declines into vulgar parody.

Words Without Expression

Throughout the play, Vogel seeks to show that language has reached a dead end. On one level language is reduced to expressionless prattle. A doctor diagnosing Carl (for a differ-

lover forbids Anna to touch him in a place which doesn't have a name; bereft of a linguistic identity, certain parts of the body are allegorically shown to be inapt to the ritual of sex. More risibly, the man refers to his phallus as "my De Gaulle" (the word "gaule" has a particular meaning in the French argot). Again here, Vogel's allegorical stance is that words define not by any literal meaning, but because of their historical implications. All that we say is determined by our past, regardless of whatever surface reality may seem more apt to express.

one. Moreover, the external European world she retreats from hardly offers a more stimulating reality. Toward the end of the play, the landscape the protagonists are traversing becomes a fantasy realm rooted in classic film culture. The references to "Harry Lime" and

Dr. Strangelove supplement the earlier derision of the Louvre, Paris bistros and the allure surrounding German cultural heritage. The secondary characters themselves are fixed in stereotypical cultural axioms.

That they are all played (effectively) by the same actor, Josh Bloch, is significant: each person besides Anna and Carl is a prototype, undistinguished beyond national identity. Essentially impersonal, their only discernible humanity is in the façade they've been attributed.

Unfortunately, the script falters in its treatment of Anna. As principal victim to the narrative's dramatic outcomes, she's meant to be

satire. But her dialogue is often too stolid (or perhaps purposely overwrought) to move the viewer. The actress Elisabeth Ruby Hobbs captures Anna's silliness impeccably. But, possibly because of the ensemble production's drawbacks, both her melancholy and shallow character remain understated. Hobbs, though, carries the most challenging role, being the only one who can't rely on a charismatic character to engage the audience (in contrast to Kareem Fahmy's energetic performance as Carl). Like the rest of the production, her work is definitely laudable. But she doesn't fully realize the role's potential, so crucial to the play's success.

The Baltimore Waltz, both play and production, is a work of striking prominence. The guiding idea - that human identity as well as the human condition is an impasse - is an unsettling one, all the more so given the play's conception: superficially, it functions as a comedy. The further notions that words are without expression and that Europe, as we traditionally know it, is dead, add to the tragedy. Humans, according to the play, are caught in a world and confronted to a language which have no place for them. In one scene, Anna quotes Gertrude Stein: "God is the answer, but what's the question?" In Vogel's world of confusion, such discourses have already come to pass.

The Baltimore Waltz plays till Saturday at Morrice Hall (3485 McTavish; located on campus, in Islamic Studies building). Reservations 398-6600. Tickets: 6\$ for students; 8\$ general admission.



JOSH BLOCH IN A SCENE FROM *BALTIMORE WALTZ*: LOOKING FOR A CURE

PHOTO BY REBECCA CATCHING

Aimless Voyage

As Anna and Carl pursue their itinerary, it becomes increasingly clear that neither they nor we are going to encounter any "truth" or feeling of hope. The Europe they are immersed in is evoked in post-card picturesque descriptions. The stereotypical characters include a garçon, a left-wing student radical, an aging Dutchman stuck in his memories and a credulous virgin in Munich. During the course of the play, Anna has sex with (or as she incisively puts it, "gets fucked" by) the four men. The sex scenes may be staged as comic routines, yet the tone of melancholy transpires with subtlety. Anna is the ignorant American attempting to forge herself a space abroad. Alienated from the Louvre-style art chic to which her brother is drawn, she succumbs to her impulses. Sex becomes her only means of experience, one of immediate sensual gratification, coupled with the desolate banality of her one-night motel room stands.

Anna's personal journey, composed basically of routine conquests, feels like an empty

ent illness) can only speak in his arcane and jargonistic medical dialect. The scene may remind some of Molière's famous put-down of his era's charlatans: that they can name every known disease in Latin, but possess not even the slightest means of discovering a cure. Vogel's claim is of a different nature: her medical practitioners are either inept theoreticians or deluded madmen incapable of communication because language has lost its meaning. The concept of sickness is beyond their grasp, because their understanding is limited to the hypertechnical vernacular of their now abstract speech and thought.

On another, contrary level, words are loaded with political meaning and cultural connotations. Language is incapable of denotative expression. When Anna lies in bed with a French lover, she asks the names of particular body parts. In one upsetting passage, the

In *The Baltimore Waltz*, the world we know has lost its sanity. Meaninglessness stands at the basis not just of people's lives, but of human knowledge.

Qu[Elle] voix? La voix humaine

French composer's opera crescendos

by Gil Shochat

In a turn away from a strictly classical repertoire, L'Opera de Montreal, is premiering *La Voix humaine*, a one act "tragedie lyrique" by the 20th century French composer Francis Poulenc. Being performed in Canada for the first time, L'Opera de Montreal should be commended in bringing this rather obscure, risky piece to light in an age where artistic value is measured in drawing power and the profit motive rules. In a sense, opera as an artistic medium (other than the Three Tenors) is out of vogue.

La Voix humaine is performed by longtime Opera de Montreal soprano Chantal Lambert who has also sang, significantly, with the Orchestre Metropolitain. As a one woman play, Lambert plays the "tragic figure" Elle. As Lambert tells us, the play is "wrought with both tension and ambiguity". While simple in plot, *La Voix humaine* is an intensely complex psychological tale of a woman who is suddenly abandoned by her lover of five years. She subsequently finds existence, according to Lambert "totally unbearable" and attempts suicide.

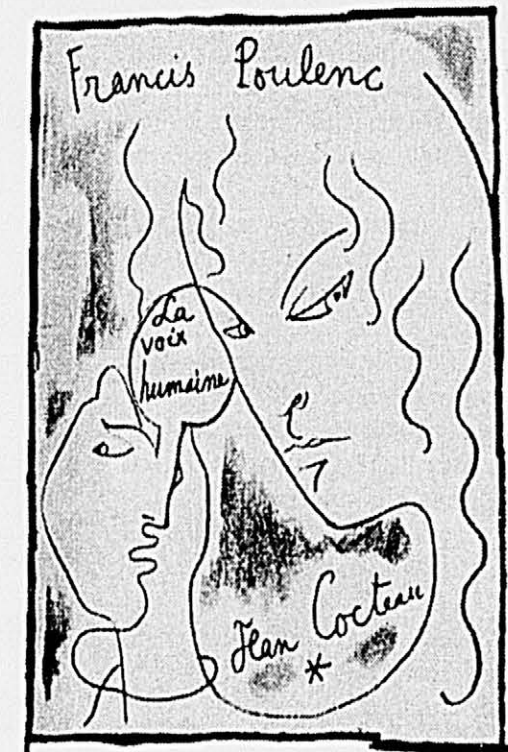
The play itself takes place over one evening with Elle waiting for a phone call from her ex-lover. Elle takes the telephone to bed with her in anticipation of a phone call from her ex-lover and finally strangles herself with the phone cord. The telephone becomes a major motif in the play as the piece written by Poulenc in 1930 very much represents a sentiment of modernism. Elle is a product of the urban isolation that becomes ripe in 20th century art and literature. The phone, a token of technology and its aims

of progression, in fact has antithetical effects. Instead of acting as a medium for communication, the telephone severs Elle from the external world. As she loses sanity and

character. Because of this, Elle must be played with a certain amount of ambiguity, she goes through emotional roller-coasters from periods of calm to periods of anguish very

suddenly. She tries to be strong but finds her breakup emotionally wrenching."

In terms of performing, Lambert insists that *La Voix humaine* is unique in its level of difficulty. Poulenc, a master arranger, often left a free tempo to songs sung without musical accompaniment. Lambert claims that this "allows the artist a great deal of room to improvise within the piece." This space for interpretation allows Lambert to fluctuate her singing style daily depending on her mood and on



sinks deeper into her alienation, the phone becomes the tool she finally uses to kill herself.

The organic community had been ripped apart by industrialization as people were forced to brave the anonymity of the urban city. The ensuing feelings of isolation are represented through Elle's mental deterioration.

As a performance piece, one critic has labeled the opera "a tightly constructed recitative of despair." Although true to an extent, Lambert insists that the opera is much more than this, "it is very difficult to play the victim since audiences generally find it difficult to relate to such a

how she is "relating" with Elle. What proves to be most challenging about the opera for the performer as Lambert sees it is the relationship between physical appearance and verbal communication. "What is most difficult, is having Elle talk on the telephone to her ex-lover attempting to be calm and collected. All the while, she shows the audience her true feelings inside by her physical actions by sitting in the fetal position or having an anguished look on her face."

Having the audience witness Elle mask her torment with verbal bravado, Poulenc hopes to universalise his lead character through her manifest vulnerability. "All people," claims Lambert "have been rejected by someone at one point and have tried to cover it up". Elle reveals to us our deepest fears and insecurities that hide beneath the facade of everyday life.

However, some critics interpret Poulenc's *La Voix humaine* as intrinsically anti-feminist. The reality that the main character is a woman who commits suicide as a result of the unreciprocated love of a man riddles the opera with gendered stereotype.

Yet, ultimately, Elle is a three dimensional tragic figure who suffers loss and, much like Tennessee Williams' Blanche DuBois, exists in a dream-like state as she is unable to rebound from the cards that have been dealt to her. However, unlike Blanche who is a survivor, Elle is a victim of her adversities. Further, Elle's profundity is reflected through Poulenc's transcendence of the often strict operatic medium to allow for Lambert's artistic improvisation. This is somewhat symbolic of the many directions in which the performance of Elle can be 'taken'.



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Events

Thursday October 23

The Editors Association of Canada is holding an event titled "Grammar for editors." It will feature Murray Lewis. Atwater Library, 1200 Atwater Avenue, (near Atwater metro.) 7:30 to 9:30. Admission is free for EAC members, but non-members must pay \$5.

Friday October 24

The Atwater Library is having a book sale today from 6pm to 8pm and tomorrow from 10am to 5pm. 1200 Atwater Avenue.

Saturday October 25

"There Are Alternatives!" Explore global and local alternatives that promote fair trade, sponsored by Ten Days for Global Justice, education and action program, at the Yellow Door, 3625 Aylmer, @9:30 am.

Ghosts Goblins and Witches, Oh My! Prepare yourself for an evening of darkness filled with ghouls, creepy creatures and fun with The Cancer Research Society. They are holding their annual Ball at Hotel Europa, at 9pm. 1240 Drummond St. (Metro Peel, Stanley exit.) Only \$18 per person. For info, call the Cancer Research Society at 861-9227 ext. #28.

Wednesday October 29

Post-Abortion Support Group. Come to talk, listen and for support. At Shatner 423 (Women's union).

Thursday October 30

Breast Cancer Awareness Month. There will be a coffee house for the occasion at Thompson House. At 8pm. Performers, open mic, drinks available - \$3 cover charge. All welcome!

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We Make Noise

by Verda Cook

It appears mysteriously and unexpectedly, surprising in its boldness. Its very presence in an illegal and unauthorized location unnerves many people. Graffiti embodies the chaos that French sociologist Emile Durkheim believed was the negative result of urban powerlessness and alienation and transforms this chaos into creative resistance.

The nocturnal artists turn plain walls into stylized pieces. New walls vibrate with vibrant colours. Fantasy monsters, demons, and alien figures contest conventional conceptions of reality. Domestic products such as lawnmowers and ice cream cones are manipulated and distorted in what amounts to a re-examination and critique of their symbolic importance.

The aesthetic and nature of graffiti

The very essence of graffiti evades censorship. It is a medium which enables subversive conceptions of reality to thrive on the sides of buildings and the fronts of subways.

Graffiti is the voice that the voiceless have claimed in the darkness of night. Originating in the 1970's in New York and Philadelphia, the pioneers of graffiti were the brown youth from the mazes of America's inner cities, held down by their colour, their poverty and their youth. The Montréal graffiti community, conversely, is predominantly white, and mostly middle class. With that said, however, it is the stratification of age which is the common source for nearly all of graffiti's productions, and graffiti has evolved as an opportunity for the young and disenfranchised to "steal" a voice and a space.

On a recent Sunday afternoon, a few graffiti artists could be found debating on the local scene. Gerard works at Open City Productions, and teaches classes on graffiti to Montréal children. Dan and Cris are both artists, each coming from different, yet often converging perspectives.

Dan: We started out just going out and painting. We were just two white boys going out and spray painting.

Gerard: Which is what we should be doing.

Dan: We weren't representing anything but ourselves. We were both poor, both artists. We wanted to go out and change our environment, to make it different. Let's take the downtown core of Ottawa and saturate it with as many paintings as we can. And our point was definitely to make it different. Not to fuck with people... Well, maybe just a little bit. To fuck with the environment a little bit — to wreck shit. There was definitely that element but it was more about art.

There's an aura of playful mystery that surrounds the art form. Like musicians, the artists take on pseudonyms to create a persona and drown themselves in layers of secrecy. Anyone who's ever tried to understand the Montréal graffiti community knows the frustration of trying to decipher and untangle it. Hundreds of bombers assault walls, buildings, benches, statues... Individual writers change their names or the spellings of them whenever they feel like it.

We wanted to go out and change our environment, to make it different. Let's take the downtown core of Ottawa and saturate it with as many paintings as we can. And our point was definitely to make it different

- Dstrbo, Graffiti Artist

The artists are intensely involved in the critique and appraisal of each other's work. Often they have never physically seen each other. Reputations are built and destroyed, gossip circulated about unknown people. They form a tight-knit community of strangers. Like comic strip action heroes, they invent a persona outside the realms of conventional society - lawless and colourful, always threatened by lurking danger. An omnipresence, the ability to invisibly descend upon the metropolis and within a flash be gone again. Their pieces reflect this temporary freedom.

The next morning as police cruise the streets looking for last night's vandal, the culprit has retransformed. He slides onto a rush hour subway car deep within the crowds of urban dwellers. All crime fighters are left with is an evasive pseudonym and artwork where ideas are re-spelled, contorted, interlocked and melted into words and images.

Daily: Why do you have images that don't always make sense, and letters that reflect that?

Gerard: Because life doesn't make sense.

Dstrbo: We always thought that if there was one totally bland, boring business guy who has been taking the same bus route to work...

Serc: Make his life a little bit more colourful.

Dstrbo: For twenty years and...

Serc: Just because it's on the front of his office building doesn't mean nothing.

Dstrbo: And then one day, he's driving down Bank St. [one of downtown Ottawa's major streets] The same route he's taken a hundred million times before and he looks up and there's a big green frog staring right at him.

Reacting against control

A housing project is built. Every house is created to be exactly the same, inside and out. Every wall enclosing and dividing the neighbourhood is made of grey cement. This same cement flows down sidewalks, into a multiplicity of symmetrical parking lots, and over dozens of uniform streets. School hallways are paved with concrete tile, and lined with one

Graffiti a

The power of graffiti is that there is no censorship. There are things I can explore which I couldn't in galleries such as sexuality and politics.

-Zilon, Graffiti Artist



Art: resistance beyond aesthetics

unvarying colour of paint. Dreary sterility has come to signify cleanliness. Cleanliness is Godliness. These areas are purified, white-washed. If it is true that people are shaped by their environment, then the risk is that those who fall into society's white-washed will lose any sense of innovation and self-expression. Those living in these communities are reduced to a role which can be controlled. Graffiti is a manifest reaction to this strategy.

Dstrbo: People living in these neighbourhoods and in that social situation had no control and it was just a way to take back their environment, and it was also just a way for them to prove that they were alive I guess. Even if just by doing something like sticking their name on the wall.

Vandalism

However, the challenge to oppression which graffiti art embodies has been misinterpreted and associated with violence, gangs and decay. The stigmatization of graffiti could be attributed to acts of vandalism, certain gang-style graffiti, but also to the ascription of negative connotations to any act that challenges the social order. Montréal police continually remind residents and merchants that graffiti devalues property and is gang related.

Serc: You see that's the psychology... it represents gangs and...

Gerard: There's a lot of propaganda to promote that view.

Dstrbo: As soon as there's a bit of chaos it's the 'broken window theory'. You're a nice elderly couple, well-off or whatever, and then you see a broken window and think "oh-oh, what the hell's going?" That's the whole philosophy, that [graffiti] represents urban decay...

Serc: [Graffiti] is a reaction to urbanism, period.

Gerard: I think the powers-that-be would like the people-that-be to see us as demons.... Look at where the money's coming from. It's coming from the city. The city last year put in \$200,000 for the eradication of graffiti.

According to Gerard, \$25,000 of that budget was put aside for community organizations which enabled children to create murals with the condition attached that these children would also white-wash graffiti-decorated walls. Ostensibly, the aim was to provide community children with creative spaces. However, the underlying motive was to abolish the graffiti.

Further, \$80 000 of the \$200 000 was put towards anti-graffiti education. As a result, Gerard of Open City Productions has taken it upon himself to educate children between the ages of 14 and 15 in graffiti as an outlet for self-expression. However, faithful to their anti-graffiti mandate, police officials appear to be tapping Gerard's educational space as a means to build files on potential 'criminals'.

Serc: Now you have to be more aware of the police then when we moved here.

Gerard: We started laying out all these drawings with the kids and they were all doing their images. Even with the kids, the cop went out and got a camera and wanted to start shooting everybody.

Serc: They feel obligated.

Dstrbo: And also because...

Gerard: Bourque is on us because he loves his public art and his botanical gardens and seeing a tag right next to the Biodome is not something he wants to see.

This war on graffiti has led to a counter-offensive. For the first time ever, artists are attempting to unite. Emerging from this collaboration are events such as Under Pressure, a fundraiser staged in August of 1996. The event gathered graffiti artists from all around Canada, giving them an opportunity to show their work to the broader community. With all its proceeds going to Sun Youth, the event also countered the negative public image of graffiti artists.

Appropriation of graffiti

Aside from the obvious anti-graffiti policies spearheaded by the government, graffiti faces a more subtle yet equally dangerous adversary. The attempt to incorporate graffiti into the realm of 'legitimate' art could have negative effects on the movement as it was first conceived. That is, the force and power of graffiti in its original form came from its existing outside the boundaries of social control. But graffiti art has evolved. Many stores, restaurants and bars employ graffiti artists to decorate their establishments. Moreover, some graffiti artists have been given space to display their work within the more mainstream artistic community.

Local Montréal graffiti artist Zilon, for one, is skeptical. Even though his work has been displayed in a number of galleries and exhibits across North America, he maintains his connection with the grassroots of graffiti by still doing some of his work on the streets.

"The power of graffiti is that there is no censorship," contends Zilon. "There are things I can explore which I couldn't in galleries, such as sexuality and politics."

The potential appropriation and assimilation of graffiti would have many detrimental ramifications and the inclusion of graffiti in mainstream art spaces could be construed as a new attempt at controlling these 'deviants'. Once in this space, the graffiti artist is vulnerable to exploitation, censorship, and inevitably silence — age-old tactics for defeating the 'other'. Questions of artistic integrity cannot be separated from these issues as the line between graffiti and graffiti-style art becomes increasingly obscured. Nevertheless, though graffiti has become in some cases diluted in meaning, its potency remains the same on the streets: often thought-provoking, always resonant.

We encounter 'ads' slapped around streets and in mailboxes. We absorb them painted

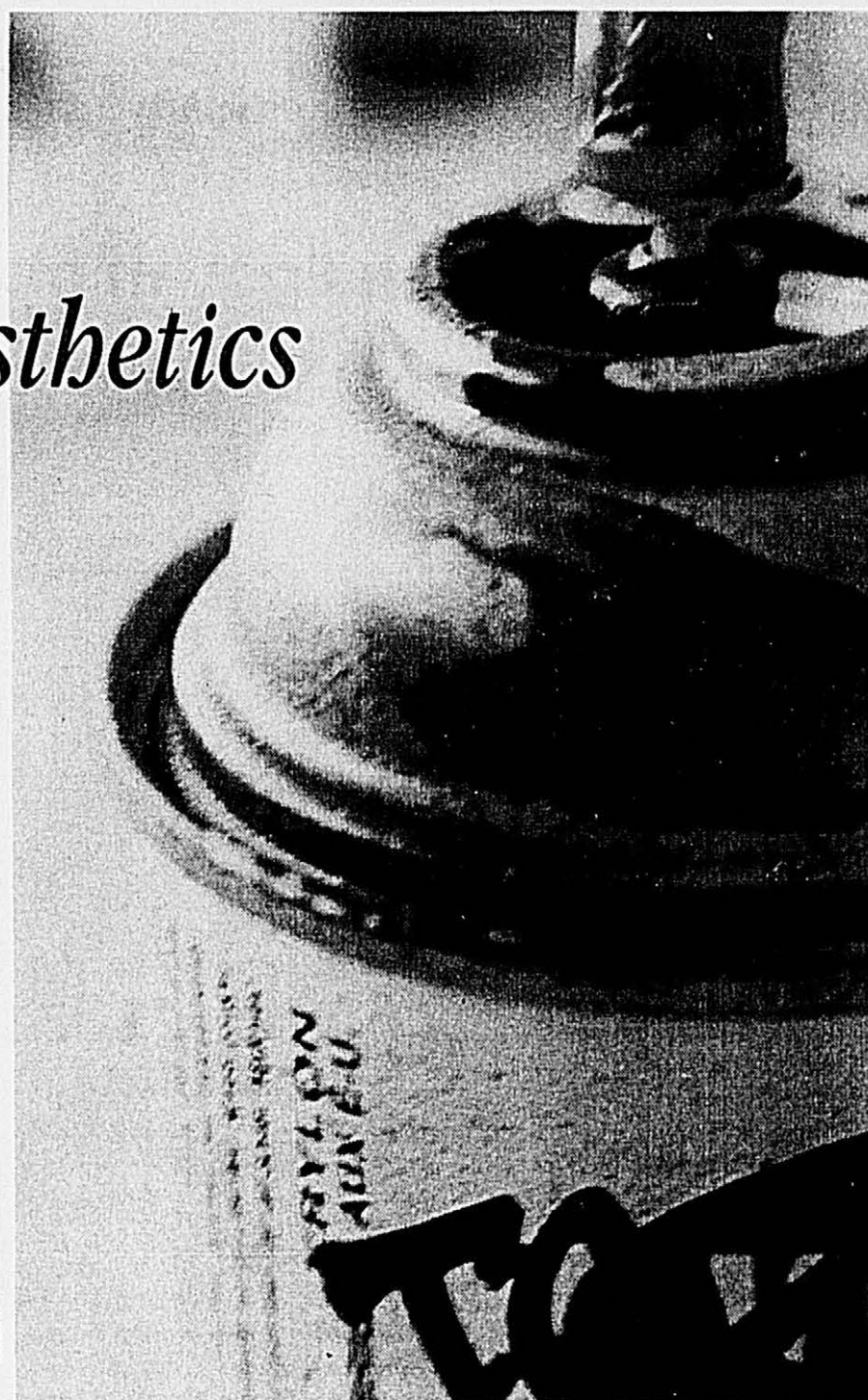


PHOTO BY ALAIN BONDÉ

**We make noise,
noise, noise,
noise,
We make noise,
noise, noise
noise...
- Chorus to the
Digable Planets'
song "Graffiti"**

on buses and pasted on walls and TV screens. Their neon lights burn holes in our brains and refill them with other messages. The psychic hotline. Skinny models in underwear. Magnified beer mugs transpiring icy waterdrops. Army recruitment campaigns. The bigger the space, the more expensive the assault. B/millions of dollars are exchanged yearly in the battle for our subconscious.

Conversely, graffiti is impulsive. It drapes over walls like clothes on a Versace runway. Its honesty parades itself flamboyantly. Teasing and taunting its audience, graffiti is begging for critique. And these discussions take place in a universally accessible space. On sidewalks, in parks... Graffiti is not the result of market research surveys. It is not aimed to appeal to a target clientele. Graffiti is bold. It is a powerful medium for social commentary in a world whose hierarchies depend on the silencing of voices.

Dstrbo: I think every graffiti artist is aware of the political statement that is made. It's political in the sense that you're breaking the rules. It is in the sense...

Serc: Beevis and Butthead style of breaking the law.

Dstrbo: If I did a piece on some wood and left it at home, it's not a political statement.

Serc and Gerard: Yes, yes. Exactly.

Dstrbo: But if I took that piece of wood and bolted it up on a billboard advertising shoes or something...

Serc and Gerard: Yes, yes.

atomic THEORY

Director Atom Egoyan matures in *The Sweet Hereafter*

by Matthew Murphy

Subconscious walls, as thick and tall as mountain ranges (or skyscrapers,) divide the urban from the rural psyche. These divisions, too quickly attributed to different geographies, run between two distinct concepts of the individual and the community.

In *The Sweet Hereafter*, this border is intensely examined when citizens of a small community, angered by a tragic accident, hire a city lawyer.

The accident occurred when a schoolbus full of children plunges into a lake leaving the entire town in grief. But the many parents have conflicting loyalties, and so their sympathies find different expression. These divided loyalties and hasty blaming threaten to unhinge the lawsuit. More subtly, it further tears at the thin fabric of a small town, which hoped its unity-in-grief could serve as their crutch.

The Sweet Hereafter marks a return to the theme of loss for director Atom Egoyan, already explored in *Exotica*. Set in the B.C. interior, Egoyan returns to the location of his T.V. movie, *Gross Misconduct*, the B.C. interior. *Hereafter*, however,

has a more human vocabulary than either. The seedy worlds of strip-ping, smuggling, and accounting explored in his previous films are foreign to the small town of Cedar

In *Exotica*, loss touches only one individual, a father who has lost his wife and child. This loss impacts him with full psychological force. Others around him are affected only

tangentially, shielded from participation in his pain by their own individual dramas. In *Hereafter* the town is comprised mostly of parents disabled by pain and undirected anger. Mitchell Stevens (the lawyer, played by Ian Holm) persuades the townspeople to let him articulate the town's sorrow in a vengeful lawsuit. As the story unfolds, however, he is less a voice for justice than someone who confusion of compassion with vicious opportunism.

Stevens is a sympathetic veteran of loss; he suffers his daughter's drug and disaster-inspired collect calls daily. However, the town's lawsuit only serves as fodder for his anger and filler for his bank account. Like many of the parents he recruits

in his revenge, his love has turned to "steaming piss."

But grief turned to anger backfires on Stevens, and his tenuous body of clients make the lawsuit into a contest of the most grief-stricken. Stevens' greed is matched by the degree of selfishness that distracts his clients' from facing their grief.

Other members of the supporting cast slip easily into their roles as contestants for compensation. While not entirely free of stereotyping, effective performances run the gamut of the film.

Bruce Greenwood, who played the lead role in *Exotica* is now a father who, already overdue on facing his wife's death, loses two children.

In each of his films, Egoyan dotes on his characters' disengagement from an internal void; usually the loss or absence of family. In *Hereafter*, the anger used to fill this space is powerfully acted out by both Greenwood and Holm. This marks a turnaround from a flaw of *Exotica* where Greenwood's character was apt to dispense clichés as if they were inspired truths. With Holm as the lead, a less platitudinous script,

and a brighter constellation of supporting actors, Greenwood develops a persona with more believable tension.

Muary Chaykin, Arsinee Khanjian, and others make all too brief appearances as other parents of lost children. But the benefit of this is immediately obvious: the viewer is involved in all the stories, however superficially peripheral. The town's suffering is greater than its individual parts, though these parts never fully resonate.

As the only child to survive the crash, Sarah Polley's character, Nicole, narrates the town's suffering, and makes the strongest claim on our sympathy. While babysitting, she reads the ominous "Pied Piper of Hamelin" to the children. The point is clear: Egoyan is casting his film as the same tragic fairy tale. As figurehead narrator, Nicole also assumes the role of agent of resolution and final judge. Her "beneficial lie" ends the suit and starts the community on a delayed healing. The resolution is neither weak nor open-ended. No salvation lies in store for the childless parents, only the removal of the voice of anger.



Trip the Sounds Fantastic

Technological aristocrats Granular Synthesis probe the senses

by Patrick Moss

I knew what to expect. Four large elevated screens, one next to the other, each featuring the face of a Japanese performance artist.

I expected noise or music coinciding with the movements of the face. But I didn't expect to have the reaction I had towards the performance.

On October 10th and 11th, Granular Synthesis presented Model 5 as the first Association Creation Recherche Electroacoustique Quebec (ACREQ) show of the season at Usine C.

I entered the hall and took my place on the floor among the 250 or so interested purveyors already present. The production commenced with Kurt Hentschläger and Ulf Langheinrich knob-twiddling and button pushing their way through quiet ambient sounds meshed with "the face."

The first half of the set progressed from exciting novelty towards a more tedious aspect of the performance, with the 'music' settling into a quiet monotonous stage, hearing just a persistent scratch like an airplane being torn up in mid-flight.

An occasional "boom" erupted to which one of the faces jerked skyward while the others moved according to the frequency and pitch of the scratch. It wasn't until the last twenty minutes that the full capacity of Model 5 was reached.

A low rumbling bass powerfully punched through our bodies as if we were thin paper. The screens on opposite ends displayed the face throbbing towards us and back again in parallel with the bass, giving off the illusion that it was actually the face that was throbbing us back and forth with some uncanny force. Slow, dull thuds and beats made their way through the patchwork. Another face would spontaneously erupt in the full grimace of a scream when the loud shriek would go off. The remaining face would purse its lips whenever whistling or vocals made their way through the thick layer of noise.

Even a ringing cell phone belong-

ing to someone in the audience seemed to fit in with what was happening. As I was sitting there in that darkened hall, I realized that both my auditory and visual faculties were filled to their sense capacities; I had nothing left. This made me think back to what Hentschläger had confided in me before the show.

"We try and load our audience up with energy to the rim without having done very much," he said. "In many ways it is emotion control... You must remember that we are not here for entertainment but

somewhat polite applause.

But the intent to reinvent and combine mediums has been a long-standing staple for the artists Hentschläger and Langheinrich. Both have a background in fine arts.

Hentschläger, 36, attended the University of Applied Arts in Vienna in a Visual Design program (one of the first of its kind) which used computers and other machinery to study and create electronic media.

Langheinrich, 37, studied Industrial Design as well as Design and Painting at the University of Fine Arts in East Germany. Both felt that they could apply their artistic knowledge to further enhance the experience of performance art.

After attending an electronic arts festival in Linz, Austria (also one of the first of its kind), Hentschläger found a direction and an audience that enjoyed electronic performance art.

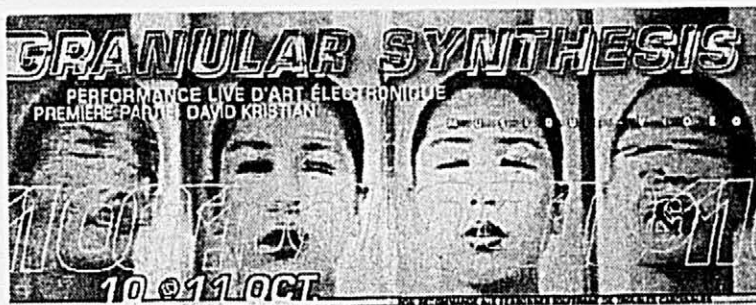
"To us, it clicked" explained Lagheinrich. "Images are important.

It made sense to us that noise and image elements belonged together."

Drawing on influences such as the experimentation of Kraftwerk and the energy of punk music, the duo set about defining their tasks which are much like those of the contemporary DJ.

"We call ourselves operators in this situation because we are mixing, tuning, controlling the visual aspects and moving them," said Hentschläger. With the advent of rave culture injecting interest into all things electronic, Granular Synthesis pursued the world of sound experimentation, constantly changing, redefining and expanding their projects from the 15 minute Model 1 presentation to the current 40 minutes of Model 5.

But after the performance, I didn't know what to think. I really had no analysis of what I had just witnessed, the most profound statement I could come up with was, "gee, that was nuts, eh?" In fact, I still don't know if I liked my senses being completely bludgeoned by modern technology. One thing is for certain though, the race, the rock concert and the art exhibit will never be the same again.



disturbance."

The goal of disturbing the audience was reached, for at the end of the performance with the lights on again, there was an eerie lapse of complete silence for about 5 seconds, to which the viewers then followed with

Mightier than thou? THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BosSTONES skank into Montréal

by Yohei Igarashi

Joe Gittleman assures me throughout the interview that the Mighty Mighty Bosstones aren't in the least bit worried. The bass player and a major songwriter (he splits the duty with band leader Dicky Barrett on most songs,) tells me, "Even when this ska craze is over, we'll still be around. We were around before, and we will just always be the Bosstones." And The Bosstones that will always be are Dicky Barrett on vocals, Joe Gittleman on bass, Nate Albert on guitar, Kevin Linear and Tim Burton on saxophone, Dennis Brockenborough on trombone, Joe Sirois on drums, and Ben Carr "the bosstone" who usually dances around the stage.

Musical fads come and go, and flavour of the month bands are about as long-lasting as cheap batteries; but the Bosstones seem to be riding the current wave of ska's resurgence in popularity with peace of mind, having been around long before this monstrous tidal wave arrived.

The Bosstones may seem to be the respected elders amongst the new generation of "more pop, pop-rock" ska bands. Yet, Gittleman knows that this isn't the case.

"We've been around since about 1984, when it was said that the second-wave of ska was dying down," he says. "But we were trying to do what bands like the Specials and the Toasters were doing before we came along."

Here we encounter a basic flaw that can be found in any musical fad. The bands which are suddenly thrust into the transient, but unbelievably bright spotlight are molded and shaped to be mass-marketed. Consequently, bands are often represented inaccurately. For example, there is this misunderstanding that the Bosstones are the grand-fathers of ska. In fact, they are not at all, although they seem to have that label tagged on their backs.

But for the music industry to promote and capitalize on a trend, they seem to find the need to make the current fad seem shiny and new, even if in this case, our grandparents could have told us about this genre's inception.

"Radio and MTV, or TV always need to make something big," Gittleman explains, "If they don't constantly have these fads coming and going they serve any value to the music industry, so there's always gonna be some new thing, even if it's not new like ska... ska is obviously not a new thing."

"There's always gonna be these phases in music. It was metal for a while. But now it's ska. The good thing is that ska deserves it. Unfortunately, it doesn't deserve to be lumped in as some kind of a fad" he says.

Gittleman brings up the brief explosion of punk as an example-bands like Green Day and the Offspring got an unbelievable amount of air and radio time for a while, and then they washed up. At the pinnacle of their popularity these bands got so much attention and play that it seemed that they were the today's version of the Beatles.

However, he points out that punk bands that al-

ways stuck to their guns, without being marketed like Pennywise and NOFX will always have their audience. Gittleman believes that the same holds true of the new ska explosion with the exception of "a few good bands out there, maybe Reel Big Fish." And of course, the Mighty Mighty Bosstones.

I am curious to know more about this sudden attention given to ska, even though it has been around for "decades and decades".

At what stage is this craze at now? I noted that there were many bands jumping on the bandwagon, which were obviously not ska.

"The bandwagon has left. It's gone now. The door to this thing is closed now," Gittleman says.

But the fact of the matter is that some bands did manage to jump onto the bandwagon before it packed up and started moving. Are these bands in touch with the original philosophy of ska? Gittleman replies in the negative: "It's getting further and further away from what it started out to be. Musically, it's more pop now, compared to bands like the Specials or Toasters."

Gittleman implies that the philosophy that ska started out with was about playing the music they loved and having fun with it.

So, it's established that the Bosstones have been playing ska before it was the cool thing. Gittleman even mentions their trademark pattern and design of choice for attire: plaid.

"We were wearing plaid suits and stuff a long time ago. We were doing our own thing. Like plaid shorts weren't cool," he points out.

I have a hunch he's right.

But the reality is that, now bands are emulating everything from the music to even attire, without understanding the roots or the philosophy that started it all. Even the term the Bosstones coined to describe their music, "ska-core" is commonplace to describe just about anything that resembles ska.

While keeping true to the roots of ska, the Bosstones add their own twist. "Ska-core" is a more hard-core type of ska, with a stronger punk influence in the music. In addition, songs off of their latest album *Let's Face It*, deal with social issues, as opposed to spin-off bands who like to sing about topics ranging from summer to beer.

"Let's Face it" addresses racism, sexism, and intolerance. Gittleman says, "We've always dealt with issues like racism and intolerance. I mean we feel strongly about it. Look at our band. We are an eight-headed multi-racial monster, and all of us come from different places and are very different in general." Another song, "Numbered Days" deals with violence and ignorance in everyday life.

Curious about their strong views expressed in their songs, I bring up a fact that the Bosstones have been known to stop shows when a crowd is gets violent.

"To me that's just common sense. I mean how can we play up there while two guys are beating the fuck out of each other. I couldn't understand

how someone could possibly ignore that and look the other way," reinforces Gittleman.

Honestly, I agree, but plenty of bands seem to ignore overly violent situations in crowds and mosh-pits.

There is another question I have about a song off of *Let's Face It*.

Who is "Rascal King" all about?

With descriptive lyrics of a person's walk, talk, and other mannerisms, and an interesting black and white video appropriately being shown on MTV now, I ask Gittleman this question.

He explains to me, "it's about an old mayor of Boston. He was sort of a Robin Hood-type character, who fought for the poor and stuff like that. He also, I believe, served part of his position of mayor from jail. People loved this guy. He was crooked but good at heart. Dicky [Barret] is a history freak on Boston".

Compared to the other musical fads and explosions of the nineties, ska is somewhat more lighthearted. This is not too say it is more superficial in content, but that it is melodically and musically brighter than other sounds that became immensely popular. Look at the early nineties Seattle 'grunge' craze.

While teens wore bland flannel colors, and grew their hair, now, ska fans dress in quirky vintage outfits. I ask Gittleman for his take on this rather simple observation, and he concurs.

"Yeah, ska is definitely more light-hearted. It's much more energetic also, I think," he says.

Is this ska's main appeal? For Gittleman, the answer is yes.

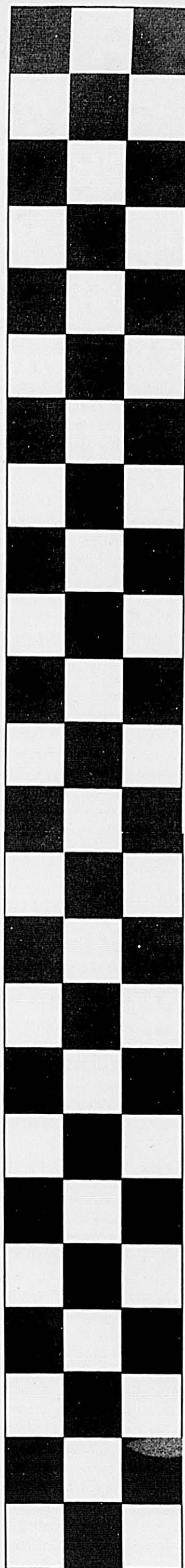
"I think it's the energy people find in it. That's probably the music's main appeal."

Skanking (the dance for ska) seems to be the manifestation of this genre of music. Whereas moshpits which go hand in hand with harder rock and often injuries, skanking seems to be it's antithesis. I asked him about Ben Carr, the band-member who doesn't really play an instrument, but sort of bounces around the stage.

"That's not really skanking. That's Ben's own style on it. Skanking is decades and decades old," Gittleman tells me.

Whatever their appeal may be, the Mighty Mighty Bosstones have a huge number of fans following them before this recent focus on ska. And surely, they will remain fans even after this wave passes by. Gittleman offers me some insight on this topic.

He says, "I know that there are thousands and thousands and thousands of our fans out there just waiting for this damn thing [ska craze] to end. I mean we were around long before this, we can't wait for this thing to blow over either. I mean we'll just be us again...the Bosstones, not to say that we were anything else at any point."



Curing the malady of psychotherapy

by Paul Sheridan

Have you ever had to listen to psychobabble? This often happens when a friend, after reading a few too many self-help books, pretends to understand therapy. Those of you who cringe at the words "hostility management" and "identity denial" may now rejoice: the new play from Players' Theater, Christopher Durang's *Beyond Therapy*, will offer real therapeutic relief. The play is a comedy that ridicules bad psychotherapists and their suffering patients. *Beyond Therapy* is not a panacea for all mental illness, but it will make you laugh.

Christopher Durang doesn't offer much in the way of plot, but he has a wonderful talent for creating interesting characters and sharp, biting comedy. This fifteen year old text does sound its age (there are references to *Three's Company* and Shawn Cassidy) but still works as a modern urban comedy. Most of the play's scenes are really excuses for the characters, neurotics one and all, to bounce off of each other. This bouncing becomes more frantic as the play progresses and more oddballs are introduced. All the actors do a good job working together on stage and timing their actions to produce the best comic results possible.

The main characters of the play are Prudence (played by Emily Crookshank) and Bruce (Darcy Scott). Their attempts at creating a relationship are hampered by their separate psychological problems (she's ridiculously high-strung, he cries every few minutes) and Prudence's discomfort towards Bruce's bisexuality.

Emily Crookshank and Darcy Scott do a good job giving their characters, who are less extreme than the rest of the cast, a few layers of emotional depth. One of the play's most charming scenes is when Bruce and Prudence, after each being psychologically ravaged by their respective therapists, slowly bring each other closer to sanity by talking about their problems and listening to each other, something their therapists would never think of doing.

Ahhh, but you still have to love those therapists. Trevor Nutley plays Dr. Stuart Framingham, Prudence's psychologist, who seems interested only in berating, humiliating, then attempting to sleep with his patients. Nutley is a talented physical comic who puts lots of slimeball energy into his dopey character. His performance is very entertaining, but I fear that Nutley is a bit miscast for the role.

Throughout the play he is referred to as a "macho man" kind of guy, yet he lacks the deep voice, chest hair and muscular appearance normally associated with machismo. In fact, I'm sure that any member of the cast would be capable of bench-pressing him. It may be a tribute to the actor that without really appearing macho he is still capable of creating a believable character.

The perfect casting choice of the play, however, is Jessica Greenberg, who plays Dr. Charlotte Wallace, Bruce's psychologist. Nutley brings energy to his scenes, but

Greenberg ignites hers; she crawls on her desk, rolls around on the floor and at one point literally gags herself with cookies. Greenberg's scene with Bob (Yani Motskin), Prudence's sulky rival for Bruce's affections, is the comic high point of the play. Of course, that scene's sparkle derives also from Motskin's excellent sense of timing and his wide range of facial gestures which express disgust.

The director, Mirella Amato, allows the strong points of *Beyond Therapy* to shine through with smooth, functional blocking. No movement in the play is done for itself; each motion shows something about the relationships between the characters or at least creates a comic effect. The lighting is equally effective and unobtrusive. The only exception is the surreal eating sequence played out between scenes two and three of the second act, which was entirely disconnected from the rest of the play's artistic design and was funny only because of its sheer weirdness. The sparse sets work well within the limited space of Players' Theatre, and allow the play's many scene changes to occur without long, distracting interruptions.

The one point where I



because Dr. Framingham already had green) and unrelated to Lichtenstein, who was never a big fan of rainbow effects. Furthermore, the play is set in the 1980's, 20 years after the pop artist's creative peak. One would think that a graffiti artist such as Keith Haring would be more in touch with the spirit of the play's time.

That said, the costumes may not add much to the play, but they don't destroy it either. At the production's core remains witty writing and talented acting, which is more than enough for a good show. The play had very little to say about psychology beyond the fact that incompetent psychologists are bad, but bad psychology provides a strong basis for derision. Unpretentious and engaging, *Beyond Therapy* is worth watching, and would be a perfect introduction for a neophyte drama patron to McGill's theater scene.

Beyond Therapy plays only till Friday, at Player's Theatre (398-6813). Admission is \$6 for students, \$10 regular price.

*Beyond
Therapy is
neurotic
screwball
entertainment*

hold fault with the play is in Michael Gianfrancesco's costume design. The idea to use pop artist Roy Lichtenstein (to whom the play is dedicated) as the inspiration for the sets and the costume is clever, but Lichtenstein's connection to this particular play is questionable. Lichtenstein's love for pulp art is not necessarily compatible with Durang's interest in neurosis. The characters in the play are certainly fantastic, but they are human beings, not pop icons.

Gianfrancesco's decision to costume each actor in a monochrome outfit of a different colour seems forced (Bob, a very jealous character, appears to wear purple only

No Place to Worship

Raving Yuppies at Temple

by Alex Halperin

The Temple assumes that if a party is properly marketed, twenty-somethings can rave 'til dawn as well as hormone-driven hedonistic teenagers. And so with an elegant presentation including bouncers in blazers and a glitzy front, Temple opened its doors. Unfortunately, their hypothesis that the post-collegiate bourgeois could dance all night with the virility of a strung out fifteen-year-old proved incorrect.

The flyer touting the grand re-opening of L'Esprit as Temple boasts an after-hours, a lounge, a club, a martini bar, a cigar lounge and a resto. "The club is no longer a box with four walls. We have evolved," it insidiously claimed. And that is the Temple's biggest problem. It fruitlessly struggles to fit the needs of every club goer in the greater Montréal area.

An after-hours should be a dirty little secret

or at least give that impression to its patrons; that they are reveling in a way (sharing an experience with hundreds of other people, but shhhh don't tell them) the rest of the world wished it knew about; that they are at ground zero of the pop culture explosion. The Temple, centrally located and well lit, gives more of an impression of a place everyone knows about and wishes they could get past the door. The interior of sumptuous domed ceilings and a middle-eastern décor looks more like a fancy supper club where explorers in pith helmets discuss their latest discoveries than the "underground" after-hours Temple strives for. It just happened to play house music.

The appearance would all be fine, a touch of class in a notoriously dodgy scene, had Temple kept its word. Musically, the club did. They imported renowned New York DJ Jun-

ior Sanchez, along with Montréal's upstart Joel and mainstay Peter Crno for a night of hard house dancing. And they spun strong, unappreciated sets. By 3 am — when most ravers wake up — the place had cleared out.

Apparently the impeccably dressed crowd came for a cigar, a martini and a few rounds in the lounge. Of course there's nothing wrong with that, but just the sight of the place must have sent all the ravers running in tears back to Storm.

Temple is a classy joint. It adds painfully hip accessories to a spacious dance floor and a building and clientele so glitzy they border on self-parody. And this is how it should stay, a comfortable space for young yuppies convinced they're still in the loop. It is not, however, the new bastion of the Montréal dance scene.

cd reviews

Southern Culture on the Skids - S.C.O.T.S. Geffen

S.C.O.T.S. have always walked the fine line between being American trash culture and mocking these clichés lovingly, with the result being over-the-top, cartoonishly believable-trailer park rock. Even though the image of down and out trailer culture may be a little too close to home for some, this band uses humour and prodigious musicianship to overcome the negative side of this stereotype.

This album marks a venture (get it?) into surf, the faux exotica of the mambo and an expanded band including horns and an organ. These sounds are seamlessly incorporated into the traditional S.C.O.T.S. rock, adding a little diversity to a somewhat inbred musical style. This may seem surprising in light of the way that this North Carolina three piece has always reveled in their one family town sound, but within the town limits of this album, it fits. That one family town now includes an old upright radio and that crazy cousin who went to California and came back with a reverb pedal.

Don't miss the hidden track, which may be the first ever epic psychedelic funkabilly song. So peel your sweaty butt off that vinyl chair and buy this CD dammit - it'll be a perfect respite from all of those drum'n'bass albums you bought this summer.

-Jay McCoy

Drum'n'Bass For Papa - Plug Nothing/Interscope

When the first Jungle tracks emanated from hardcore/speed, a new sound was delivered to the clubs to re-ignite the energy first fused by the rave revolution. With much work, drum'n'bass was refocused and improved while its popularity became a permanent picture within the world of techno. Superstars were made out of Golaie, L.T.J. Bukem and their respective labels Metalheadz and Good Looking. With the major labels salivating at a potentially lucrative new market, drum'n'bass producers such as Spring Heel Jack and Photek were quickly signed to record contracts. Thus, the major labels officially inaugurated diversity onto their 'electronica' bandwagon. Plug, better known as Luke Vibert, was also snapped up by the majors (Interscope is a subsidiary of MCA Records) and the result is

Drum'n'Bass For Papa. Plug attempts to employ every flavour drum'n'bass music has offered in the past, from downtempo to ambient to intelligent to jazz to harder material, and sometimes even in the same track. It is also clear that Vibert has an ear for melody (check out the cartoon-anthem "cut '97 remix" for reference). However, the ever-sprawling ambition to melt many styles into one sometimes doesn't work. "Me & Mr. Jones" and "dbc" are perfect examples. Both tracks start off quietly enough, a build-up ensues, and somewhere in the middle both tracks lose focus. Inconsistent chimes and noises crashing with off kilter bass dampen the mood, all the while the frenetic boogie rhythms of be-bop jazz and over-spiced-up beats mish-mash it all up. While these tracks are perhaps interesting in noise exploration, they constitute a lack of appeal. It's clear that Vibert was aiming for something grander and far more experimental than what has been recently produced. However, Vibert is much more effective when his music is more refined. "A Subtle Blend" and "Feelings" serve as proof that perhaps Plug is a name to watch for. The latter track features a metallic groan that is consistent throughout and transforms the songs into pure poetry. It would not sound out of place being spun at a drum'n'bass party like the weekly "Session" (at Purple Haze every Thursday). Consider this album an investment in the future.

-Patrick Moss

much afraid - jars of clay Universal

"Jars of Thanks to: Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ..." [liner-notes]. If you listen to music to unwind, and do not hang off every word, this is a very good album. If you find yourself belting out the lyrics of a new CD, be wary of those standing near you. jars of clay's *much afraid* is a collection of songs ranging from pop and acoustic, to taps at the church campfire. Musically, the eleven tracks strike a balance between upbeat and mellow, providing perfect background music for studying, washing dishes, or bible discussions. "Overjoyed", "Fade to Grey", "Truce" and "Crazy Times" are all great songs, upbeat and definite candidates for the repeat button, while the remainder of the album has a more sorrowful sound. The band has taken the sound of their last album and softened it, matured it. Unfortunately the lyrics tend towards preachy; the song "Hymn" advising all of us to "spring worship unto thee," but in the spirit of all things Christian, one should forgive them their evangelist tendencies, and listen to a talented group of musicians with a well developed sound.

-Kyle Faas

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Hockey/Concert Tickets For sale. Chicago Blackhawks Oct. 27, and NY Islanders Oct. 29. Also Sarah McLachlin and U2 concert tickets, great seats, prices vary. Call Joseph or James 766-0298 or 949-1661.

LESSONS / COURSES

Come and practice your French with francophones. Bilingual Club Half and Half. Tel 465-9128.

Art Courses Pottery, sculpture, painting, drawing, live model, free studio time. 460 St. Catherine W. #502 Metro McGill 879-9694.

Teach and Travel worldwide. International TESOL Training Centre offers intensive course to certify you. Next course Nov. 5 to 9. We connect you with jobs. 969-5785.

Comparative Religions Course - Mon 7:30-9pm, Oct. 20-Nov. 24 at St Andrews-Dominion-Douglas Church, 687 Roslyn, Westmount. Cost: \$5 per session or \$20 for all 6. Cheryl 486-1165.

Hebrew/Russian lessons - Learn with joy and success. Call Paula 488-6130

NOTICES

QPIRG Refund Period. October 14-Nov. 4. Any student wishing to relinquish membership in QPIRG may come to 3647 University Street, 1-5pm (Monday to Friday) and apply for a \$3 refund. This is the portion of the student activity fee which would otherwise fund research, education and action on social and environmental issues.

MISCELLANEOUS

Mt. Tremblant: Ski Club discount tickets available. \$12 off daily price. Call Chantal 935-6222.

\$8 TO \$24/hr

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Applications are now being accepted for:

**Chief Returning Officer
Deputy Returning Officer**

for the Daily Publications Society and QPIRG

Applicants must be bilingual. Applicants cannot hold positions on the QPIRG Board of Directors or McGill Daily Board of Directors, Editorial Board, or Staff. They cannot serve on any position of the SSMU.

To apply please submit your CV with a letter of intent to the business office of The McGill Daily (Shatner B-07) or the QPIRG offices (3647 University, 3rd floor).

The deadline for applications is
Monday, October 27

For more information call 398-6790
An honorarium will be paid.



CKUT 90.3 FM-Radio McGill
will be hosting its

Annual General Meeting
Saturday 25 Oct. 97
@ Newman Centre
3484 Peel

(between Sherbrooke & Dr. Penfield)

10h-11h30

Panel Discussion

What is the relationship between the programmer and the listener?

13h-16h30

Station Reports.....Agenda

Elections* for the year 1997-1998

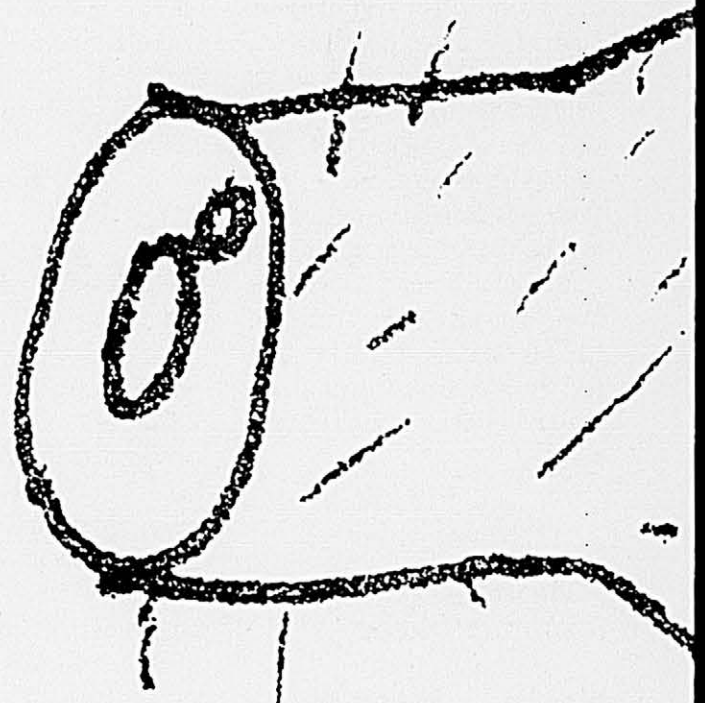
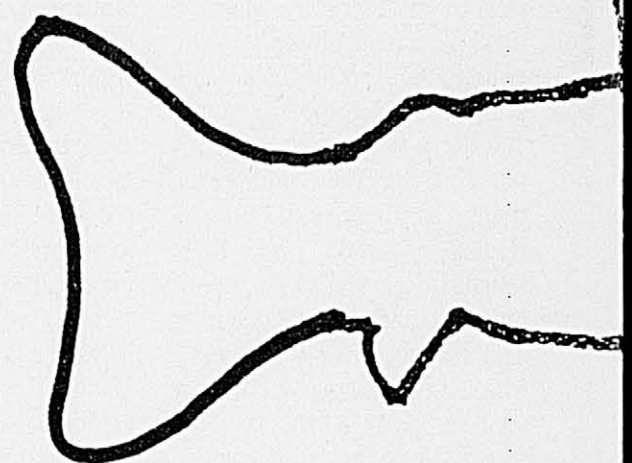
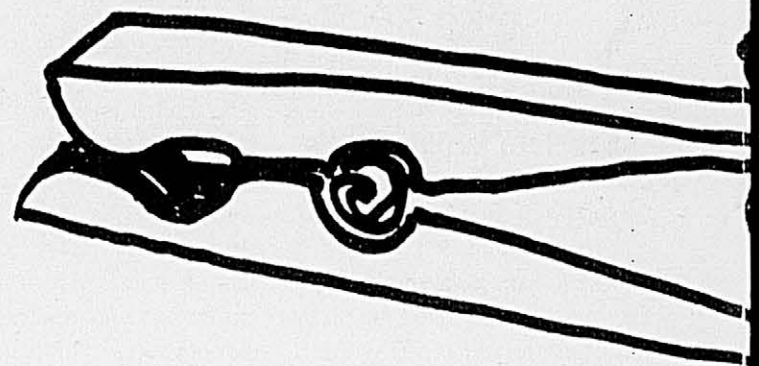
Board of Directors (2 positions available, at least one of which must be filled by a McGill Student)
Programming Committee (6 positions available: Block Français Rep., Music Rep., Spoken Word Rep., Community Rep., McGill Student Rep., Black Block Rep.)

Steering Committee (3 positions available: Music Rep., Spoken Word Rep., Production Rep.)

All are encouraged to attend.

For more information call 398-6788 or 398-6787.

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